

ADDRESS OF HON. C. H. MCLENATHEN.

Grand Master, Brethren, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Meeting of human beings are usually created with a sense of every action. We are gathered here today for a purpose and that purpose is to lay the corner stone of an educational institution—the new building of the Classical High School. In a general way this explains our presence and the reasons for our action. But let us go a little further into details. Why did your Board of Education invite this secret order—the Masonic Fraternity to conduct these interest in our school? Why are these men called in the regard of their order and why have they laid this corner stone—typical of the completed structure—with mechanical precision and stately ceremony? They are not architects or even artisans but they represent the evolution of the human race. The primeval savage, crouching behind a sheltering rock to protect himself from the bitter winds of winter, was not a mason, but his immediate successor who housed his wife and little ones in a primitive dwelling was the first Grand Master of the fraternity here represented. It is not necessary to follow the evolution of the builders out from the progressive savage who first interposed a slab of wood between himself and the element elements; but it is enough to say that early in the history of our race the erection of buildings both public and private was given over to a certain class of artisans who for their own protection were organized into societies or guilds, with seals signs and pass words for mutual recognition and identification. Naturally the men who gave definite attention to a definite work became experts and even in very remote times they travelled in foreign countries to pursue their calling, and thus the guild of "operative masons" originated. The ancient temples in the valley of the Euphrates, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, Luxor and Karnak in the valley of the Nile, the classic monuments of ancient Greece, the stately piles which made Rome the wonder of the world, the magnificent cathedrals of medieval Europe were all monuments to the skill, industry and discipline of operative masonry.

During the Night of a thousand years when the human race seemed to have forgotten the object of its creation, when the many were enslaved by the few, when might was right, when ignorance, superstition, rapine and plunder ruled the world, when nobles, princes and kings could not read or write there was one art—undimmed by the universal gloom and unimpeded by the universal wreck. It was the art of building—operative masonry. Who built St. Peter's at Rome? or St. Marks at Venice? In short who graced the great cities of Europe with those imposing specimens of church architecture which are today the wonder and admiration of the modern world? The guild of operative masons. They had lodges in every great city, and it was practically the only organization outside of the church of international scope. It was probably the first secular organization to teach that beautiful principle of enlightened charity—to care for distressed worthy brothers, their wives, widows and orphans. As a natural sequence an organization of this character soon became numerous and powerful. Two results followed this organized force—persecution on the part of unscrupulous petty princes and, at lords which resulted frequent, in suspending the work on great cathedrals and secondly many not artisans, who were beginning to feel the reviving touch of the renaissance, attracted by the great work and splendid organization of operative masonry.

An eminent American humorist has said "that the way to bring up a boy in the way he should go was to go that way once in a while yourself." There is the rub. Do we as individuals and as members of the body politic follow the straight and narrow way at all times? I propose to throw no stones at my neighbors for my own house is also built of glass, but I repeat, do we occupy such positions on questions of right and wrong that we can say to these bright eyed boys and girls who are watching us—"Come stand in our steeds, walk in our footsteps and you will exemplify the highest ideals of Christian civilization?" God forbid. Such a statement

is than in the history of art and architecture. The meeting officers in those days were usually high dignitaries in other church or state and were addressed as "worshipful masters" a custom prevailing in lodges to this day.

Just when persons—not operative masons—were admitted is unknown—but in the middle ages so completely that even tradition does not attempt to fix the time. We do know, however, that to distinguish the two classes one was known as "operative masons" and one as "accepted masons"—the latter term being applied to modern or speculative masonry to this day. In 1717 the ten lodges in London organized a Grand Lodge and instituted subordinate lodges authorized to admit worthy persons irrespective of the trade, craft or profession to which the applicant belonged and thus speculative masonry began its beneficent work of building character and developing manhood in place of the erection of private and public edifices. The traditions of the ancient crafts are still sacred and since speculative masonry supplanted operative masonry, its devotees have ever been glad to honor the memory of our ancient brethren by initiating in a formal manner the great work performed by them in the history of architecture. Thus you see there is a reason why the school board invited the masonic fraternity to lay this corner stone.

There is, however, another question of greater import to all of us than the mere formalities of this occasion. Why are we putting our hard earned dollars into this school building? Why are the tax payers of this little town willing to increase their already heavy burdens? Why have the members of the Board of Education, with commendable zeal and unflagging energy

in the face of almost certain failure persisted in their efforts until success has been achieved? Because they had a duty to perform and a duty well done means the gratification of man and the approval of God. No richer reward, no higher honor can we bestow on these men than to cut their names in this imperishable stone and thus transmit the story of their virtues to coming generations. This building is a sacred temple dedicated to learning to education. But what is education? What is an educated man? Education is not simply the acquisition of knowledge and an educated man is not one who knows more than his fellows. All the knowledge of the arts, sciences and professions does not constitute an education. A man may win all the first honors in all the universities on earth and still be an uneducated chump, a miserable failure, a blight instead of a blessing. Education is the development of character, the training of all our faculties that we may acquire not wealth, honor or power, but the ability to do and perform those duties imposed on us by organized society for the best good of its members.

What then, my fellow citizens, is our greatest civic duty? Is it the payment of a few paltry dollars in the erection and equipment of a school building? For shame! That a thought so unworthy should claim even a passing notice. Our greatest civic duty and there is no higher due our fellow man, is to develop the character as well as to train the hand and mind of the rising generation by placing before them and around them the highest and purest ideals. The school boy and the school girl should be taught by example as well as precept. The abstract principles of right and wrong should take precedence over historical facts and mathematical problems. The duty a boy owes to himself, to his home, to the state and to his God should be paramount to proficiency in Arithmetic and Grammar. It is more important to teach a boy to be clean of body, clean of mind, truthful and honest than to fill his mind with the lore of the ages.

An eminent American humorist has said "that the way to bring up a boy in the way he should go was to go that way once in a while yourself." There is the rub. Do we as individuals and as members of the body politic follow the straight and narrow way at all times? I propose to throw no stones at my neighbors for my own house is also built of glass, but I repeat, do we occupy such positions on questions of right and wrong that we can say to these bright eyed boys and girls who are watching us—"Come stand in our steeds, walk in our footsteps and you will exemplify the highest ideals of Christian civilization?" God forbid. Such a statement

would cover the face of His Satanic majesty with a blush so deep that it would be hidden in the inhabitants of the infernal regions for a total eclipse.

Let me call your attention to one fact, and I ask for it your most careful consideration. The common schools of America have seen and now are largely supported by funds collected as license fees for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and by fines imposed for violations of law—including the law of moral purity. Do you comprehend the meaning of this statement? Do you realize its full import? Do you admit that this condition exists with your consent and mine? Do you realize that your son and mine is being educated with the dross wrung from the trembling fingers of the habitual drunkard—while his wife and little ones are crying for bread and smarting under the sting of a needless disgrace? Do you realize that your daughter is being educated with dollars earned by and taken from the most unfortunate class of women kind by a system of license—fines—a system so damnable in its conception and so revolting in its execution that its mere mention brings a blush of shame? Do you realize that you and I are today consenting to this most reprehensible method of supporting the public schools? Do you know that for more than a hundred years this method of accumulating a school fund has been in vogue in practically all of the states with the approval of divines, legislators and moralists? Talk about the crimes of heartless corporations and industrial combinations! Talk about the disgrace of human slavery—the enormity of which had to be wiped out in blood! That institution was a paragon of Christian morality compared to the method of supporting the public schools now in vogue, with your approval and mine. Have you ever protested against it? Have I ever protested against it? Have you ever heard of a protest in any of the states of this great and glorious union of moral, religious and uplifting forces known as the United States of America? Don't you think it is time for you to protest? Do you want to stand before these boys and girls and admit that you cannot educate them without the help of criminals and drunkards?

Understand me, I am not making a fight on saloons or the liquor traffic in general. It is not now the question under discussion. In a free country like this, a community gets exactly what it wants exactly what it deserves—no more, no less. No country or community was ever governed better than it deserved—nor worse. The saloons are here and if you want them keep them. It is the index of your character as a town. It fixes your status as a community. But for the sake of your fair name—the richest legacy you can bequeath to your children—don't use the penalties imposed on the liquor business and the fines collected in the criminal courts to educate these boys and girls. Let all of this money go to the support of the jails and penitentiaries where it justly belongs. Do you say that taxes would be too high? If any citizen of this community cannot afford to pay his school tax, God help him, for he does not merit the help of his fellows. If he does not want to pay for a school let him go where there are none. He can then rear his children in accordance with his own ideals. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

You may say that this method of supporting the schools is the law of the land and that the law is the authentic expression of what is right and wrong. I deny the doctrine. It is the most damnable heresy ever preached by cowards. The statute books of the civilized world fairly teem with rotteness—the odious enactments of time serving and corrupt legislators. I respect the law but if it is immoral and odious, let us change it. But what can we—an isolated community on this far western borderland—do? We can start a flame of righteous indignation that will cover this broad land with its dazzling light. Is there a better place on earth than this little town in which to right a wrong or to start a reform pregnant with good for the rising generation? Let the word go out that Carlsbad does not need fines and license money to educate her children. Scores of communities in this broad territory will take a similar position, and the odious law will be wiped from the statute books and a reproach removed from the fair name of New Mexico. Why should not a new born state celebrate its nativity by taking its place in the forefront of a great moral reform?

True, we are a small community—

in a territory entitled unfit for statehood. We can not even help shape the domestic or foreign policy of the nation. Educated men and women black east think we wander about the streets in gay colored blankets with six shooters strapped to our sides and that our principal pastimes are bronco-busting and bull fighting. Let us show them that while they are discussing mercenary matters like the trusts and the tariff, we are giving our attention to the higher questions of civic righteousness. While they are joining in the mad rush for dollars, we are seeking the moral regeneration of our people and the moral education of our children by repealing laws which for more than one hundred years have joined in unholy wedlock the education of the young and the damnation of the old.

It is well for us to build this school house. It will be better when we can look these boys and girls in the eye and say that we can educate them without the aid of the liquor business and fines imposed for violations of law. Do you agree with me or are you satisfied to educate your children with funds secured in this manner?

If content with the present system, do nothing. If not satisfied, then act. Stand up and be counted. Show that your moral courage is as good as your moral sense, and thus preserve your self respect. Send our distinguished townsman and a member of this board of education to the Legislature, soon to convene at Santa Fe, with a message that will make this community the peer of any in our beloved land, and thus we will dedicate this temple of learning.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD ROADS.

Suggestions by State Engineer Cooley of Minnesota.

State Engineer George W. Cooley of Minnesota, who recently discussed macadam roads with the members of the road and bridge committee of the county board, also discussed the specifications for Ramsey county road work and gave the members of the committee many valuable suggestions. Mr. Cooley spoke of the growing popularity of macadam roads in the eastern states, where the best roads that money can procure are demanded. His opinion was that a good earth road is the best that can be had, but they are hard to keep in repair, whereas macadam roads may be built to last. Scientific methods should be adopted, and specifications must be carried out to the letter.

In building a macadam road the foundation is the main thing. The voids in the crushed limestone foundation should be fully filled with gravel instead of clay, which is sometimes used. A very little clay may be used, but for filling purposes gravel is much more satisfactory. There should be no shoulder on the side of the road, but the macadam should be gradually feathered off to the edge and made water tight. The material used for a filler should be sorted before the road is rolled. On top of a foundation of four inches of crushed limestone an inch and a half of pit gravel. Wash the gravel in with a street sprinkler and then roll. The next layer should consist of three inches of smaller hard stone treated in the same way and then a layer of pit gravel feathered off to the edge.

Mr. Cooley said all the materials should be specified and nothing left to the choice of the contractor. Even the gravel pit should be designated. The contract should be so worded that in the event that the gravel pit designated failed to pan out well all the way through the contractor can be required to go elsewhere for this supply upon making an equitable adjustment with him. Such an arrangement would be far more economical than to permit the contractor to go on with unsatisfactory materials. In this way the board could control the sources of supply and nothing would be left to the whim of the contractor.

Mr. Cooley also went into the question of maintenance of roads, which he considered quite as important as construction. The contractor, he said, should be required to keep a man on the road for two weeks after its completion to look out for defects.

Found the Set.

This story is told by a man who dislikes nothing so much as to be asked questions.

"My little girl is very fond of sea shells," he said, and having been called to Atlantic City on business one day, I took advantage of the opportunity to run down to the beach to see if I could pick up a few. I was strolling along the sand, gathering a few shells and pebbles, when along came one of those old idiots who ask questions with their mouths which their eyes could answer. He smiled upon me and said: "Fine day, isn't it? Are you gathering shells?"

"No," I snapped back, saying the first thing that popped into my mind: "I'm looking for a set of false teeth."

lost while in bathing."

"He expressed his sympathy, and then his face lit up as his eye caught sight of a pink and white object on the sand. "Well, I declare! Here they are now!" he exclaimed, and, sure enough, he picked up a set of false teeth lying right at his feet. I was too surprised to do anything but grab them and put them in my pocket. The funny part of it is that I never had a tooth pulled in my life. I wonder whom that false set belongs to?"—Philadelphia Record.

He Believed the Boy.

A judge was explaining to a young student friend the intricacies of evidence. He illustrated well the case of conflicting evidence—how when the statements of two witnesses are opposed the more probable statement is to be accepted.

"Usually in conflicting evidence," he said, "one statement is far more probable than the other, so that we can decide easily which to believe." "Is like the boy and the house hunter?"—house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy:

"My boy, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semidetached cottages. How far are they from here?"

"About a twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied.

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the house hunter. "Nonsense! The advertisement says five."

"Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement, but I ain't tryin' to make no noise!"—Clarksville Enquirer.

No Come Back.

Some of the West Indian Islanders have learned that when a foreigner misbehaves on their shores it is better to suffer in silence than to mete out punishment at the risk of a descending gunboat from the miscreant's native land. A judge in Haiti, however, recently took occasion to pay off old scores and to redeem his self respect in the case of an offender brought before him.

To his first question as to the nationality of the accused the interpreter had answered that the prisoner was from Switzerland.

"Switzerland?" said the judge. "And Switzerland has no seacoast, has it?"

"No seacoast, your honor," replied the interpreter.

"And no navy," continued the judge. "And no navy, your honor," was the reply.

"Very well, then," said the judge, "give him one year at hard labor."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Other Reason.

A teamster retires at the age of ninety with an accumulation of \$50,000. He says he wants and is entitled to a rest. Some inquirers want to know how he could have saved so much on \$12 a week, the highest wages he ever received. The answer is easy. He got \$2 a day. He lived on 22 cents a day. He saved the difference. I lived in New York on 5 cents a day for nearly six months and was in magnificent health. Some people eat to live; others live to eat. As the old chap on the ferryboat said to the small boy: "Sonny, why does a pig eat?" "Cause he's hungry." "No. There's another reason." "What's dat?" "He wants to make a hog of himself!"—New York Press.

Sam Weller.

It was Sam Weller who made Dickens famous. "PICKWICK PAPERS" were a complete failure financially until this unique character was introduced. The press was all but unanimous in praising Sam Weller as an entirely original character whom none but a great genius could have created. Dickens received over \$10,000 for "PICKWICK PAPERS" and at the age of twenty-six he was incomparably the most popular author of his day.—London Standard.

Tame Your Rattlesnake.

A tame rattlesnake belonging to an Arizona farmer sleeps every night on the front gate of its owner's garden, coiling himself around the gate and gatepost, so that a lock and chain to keep out intruders are not needed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Special Fruit Trader.

Horticultural products have always been noted for their purity. Many careful growers of fruit have worked up a special fruit trade by shipping high class fruit under their own brand and name. In years when climatic and other conditions render the quality of fruit lower than the grade they are accustomed to ship under their named brands the fruit is forwarded unbranded. A neat, attractive brand or label on well packed fruit soon becomes known and asked for on the market.—Maryland Experiment Station.

Good Care Required.

Good care is required to keep trees thrifty. Crowded clumps should be thinned out.

Persistency is the road to success. The only known exception to this rule is the case of a hen sitting on a china egg.—Exchange.